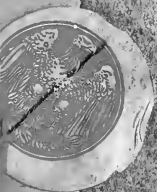
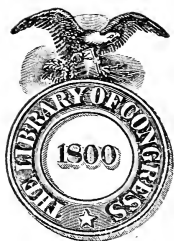


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RHYMES
FROM DIFFERENT
CLIMES
MARY MARANCEY BERGHOLZ





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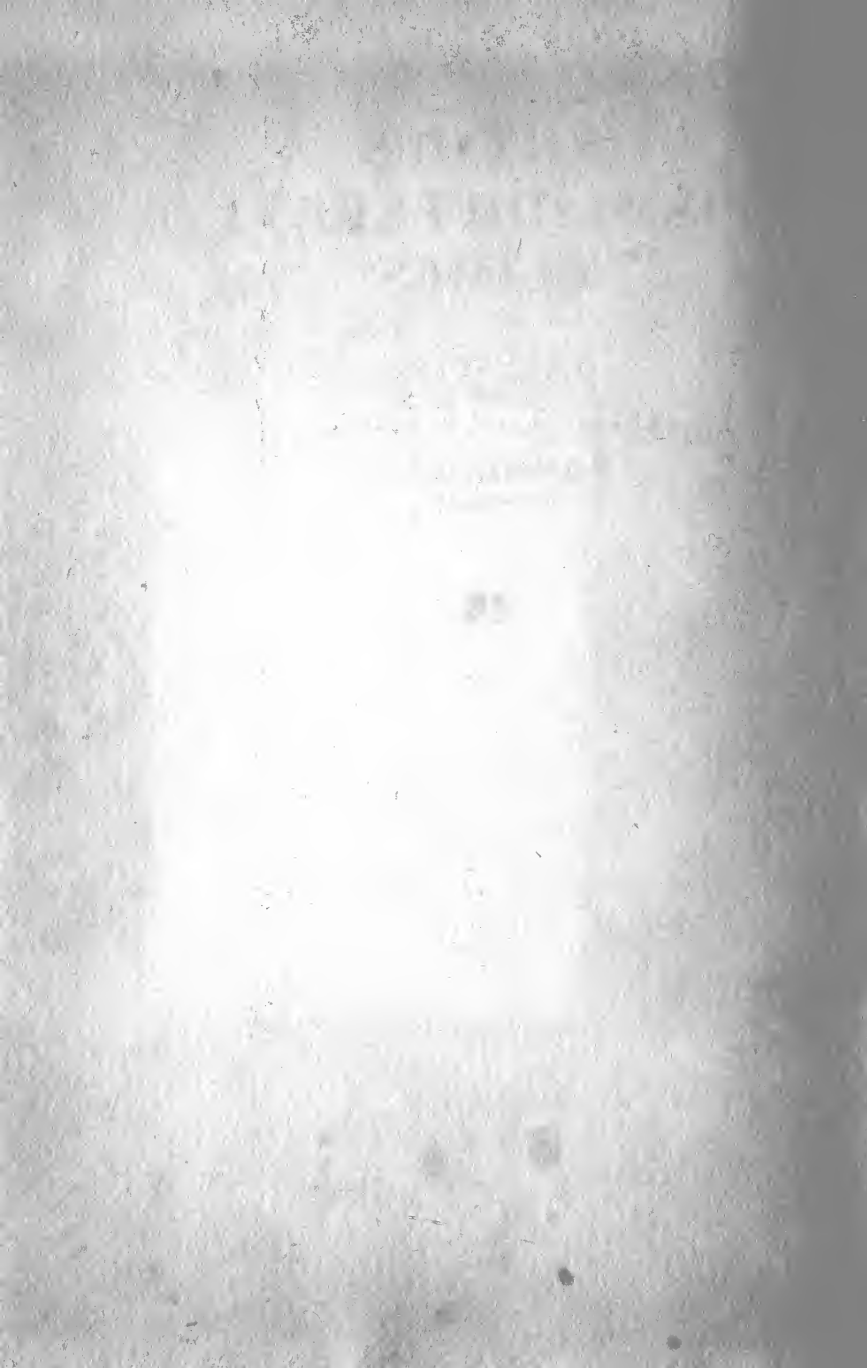
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RHYMES
FROM DIFFERENT
CLIMES



RHYMES FROM DIFFERENT CLIMES

BY
MARY MARANCEY BERGHOLZ
WATERBURY CENTER¹¹
VERMONT



BOSTON
1918

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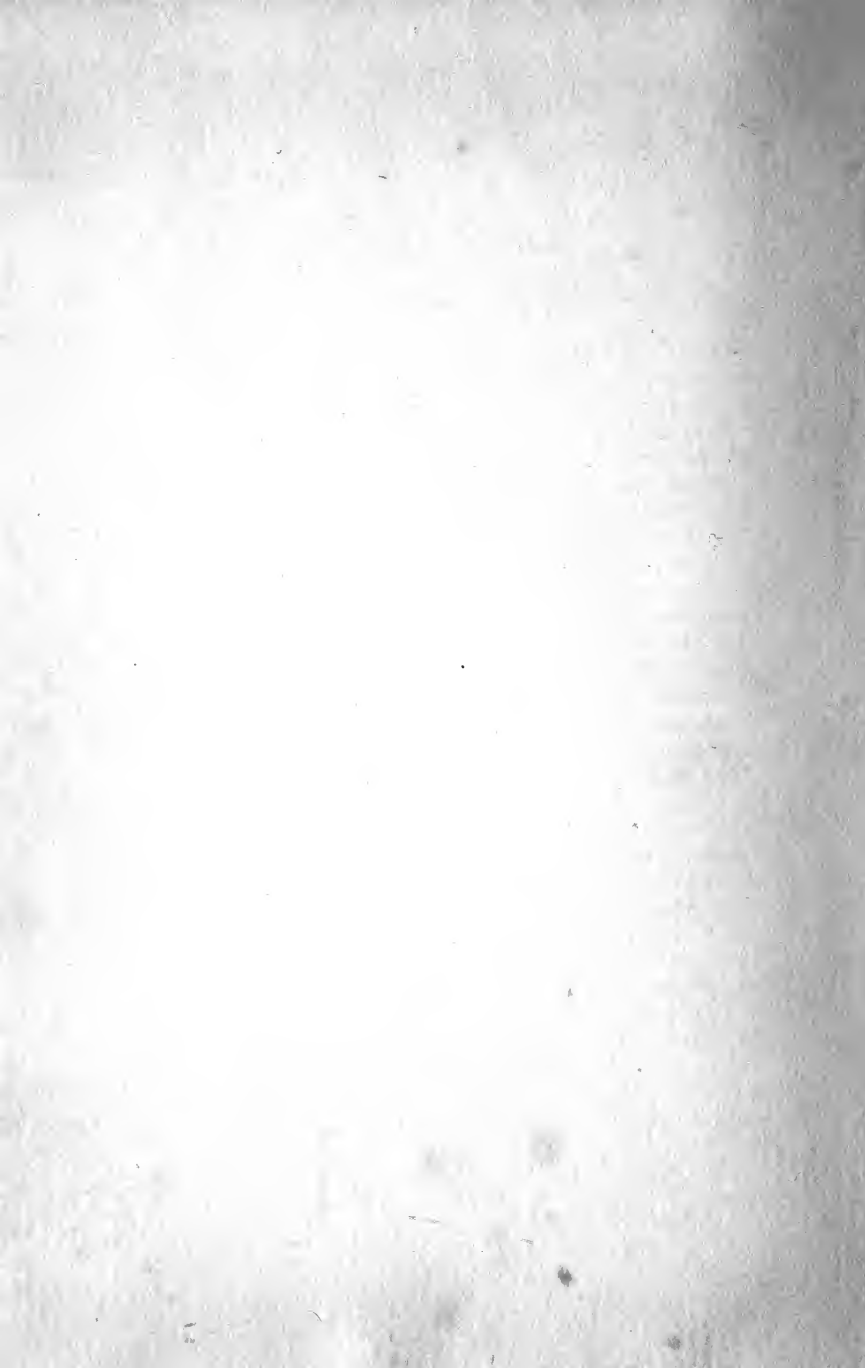


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no. 1.

TO MY SON LEO
WHO ALONE MADE POSSIBLE THESE "RHYMES FROM
DIFFERENT CLIMES" (BUT WITH LITTLE ENTHUSIASM
AS TO THEIR PUBLICATION), ARE THEY DEDICATED
BY HIS LOVING MOTHER



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RHYMES
FROM DIFFERENT
CLIMES



THE COUNTRY WOMAN VERSUS THE CITY

*(Written for Anniversary of Sorosis 1894, at request of our
President Fanny Helmuth)*

My lady lives in the city,
The country I;
She looks out upon a palace,
I the sky.

Her rooms are darkened with laces,
Not so mine,
Only with climbing roses
And eglantine.
The sun that shines o'er land and sea
Floods my windows and comforts me.

My lady has her flowers
So have I,
She buys them at the corner
Nearest by,
My garden is red with roses,
There are lilies, too,
I gather them in the morning
Wet with dew
Just when the world is hushed and still
And not a sunbeam glints the hill.

My lady has her horses,
So have I;

RHYMES FROM DIFFERENT CLIMES

She drives daily with her coachman,
Not so I;
I drive the beauties who know me —
And they fly
With the friends I have beside me
Glad am I.
As over hill and dell when skies are fair
We laugh and chat in the scented air.

My lady has her day at home,
So have I;
She'll bid you then, and may again
By and Bye;
Her rooms are darkened, and then lighted,
Band plays low,
You shake her hand, a cup of tea,
Then you go —
While my friends daily come to me
And make me glad as glad can be.

And thus my lady lives and dies,
No one knows.
You see the crape upon the door
When she goes,
Her nearest neighbor passing by
Wonders who is lying still with folded hands —
Eyelids too.
But all the country far and wide
Will know when I have crossed the tide.

New Rochelle, March 20, 1894.

RHYMES FROM DIFFERENT CLIMES

MAY

My sweetheart is coming
Make broad the highway
My sweetheart is coming
My beautiful May.

Keeping time to the rhyme
Of each rolling year
One note in the music
A note sweet and clear —

I hear it, she's coming!
With swift flying feet
O'er mountain and valley
Her lover to greet —

And what will she bring me
From lands far away
Ah! What will she bring me
My beautiful May?

Flowers in her bosom
And sunshine and song
Will she bring, Oh! my queen
Who has tarried so long.

Then hasten, my Sweetheart,
And make no delay —
Your lover stands waiting
Oh! beautiful May.

New Rochelle, N. Y., April, 1889.

TWINKLE, TWINKLE LITTLE STAR

Twinkle, twinkle little star
I don't wonder what you are
Running with the speed of fire
Following a slender wire:
When you show your little light
Twinkle, twinkle in the night
I don't wonder what you are
I KNOW — you're the Trolley Car.

Twinkle, twinkle little star
I don't wonder what you are
When you come with dash and din
Bringing all the neighbors in
When you show your little light
Even on a rainy night
I don't wonder what you are
I know — you're the Trolley Car.

Twinkle, twinkle little star
Not the one that shines afar
Radiant in the milky way
Never shining in the day —
But you — who show your little light
Twinkle, twinkle day and night
I don't wonder what you are
I know — you're the Trolley Car.

RHYMES FROM DIFFERENT CLIMES

BLIZZARD!!

Twinkle, twinkle little star
Now I wonder *where* you are,
Silent is your dash and din
Not a neighbor coming in —
Come and show your little light
Twinkle, twinkle day and night.
Oh, thou missing longed-for star,
Come and bring our Trolley Car.

No matter now what storms there are
We never miss our Trolley Car.
No night so dark, no day so bright
But there we see its twinkling light:
It sets the traveller on his way,
Keeps all the neighbors glad and gay,
All joys are ours both near and far
Because we have our Trolley Car.

Ah! Will, wherever thou mayst roam,
In worlds beyond this vaulted dome,
While gazing from the starry skies,
The home that we call Paradise,
Whatever makes thee wonder most —
Thyself and all the heavenly host,
Thy greatness, that transcends each star,
Or, to see us in our Trolley Car?

Written for the Shakespeare Club,—New Rochelle, N. Y., 1889.

RHYMES FROM DIFFERENT CLIMES

ON RECEIVING ONE OF THE HUNDRED COPIES OF FRANCES WILSON'S "EUGENE FIELD"

I never look upon the book
This Christmas gave to me
But in wonder joy that I
Should of the hundred be.

I wonder if his songs ring out
Upon the further shore
And children pleading there as here
To tell them "just one more?"

Has he seen the "Little Boy Blue"
Whose toys wait day by day,
"The Little Boy" the "Moder" missed
"Ben allwais in the way?"

Do "Pittypats and Tippytoes"
Come crowding him to greet,
No "ruffled brows" or "griefs to smooth"
Just listening at his feet?

I wonder if the children bring
The Christ-child in their joy,
And will He lead the singer to
His "little baby boy?"

RHYMES FROM DIFFERENT CLIMES

These thoughts I ponder o'er and o'er
Of him that's laid at rest —
But never wonder why he loved
Our Frances Wilson best.

Highwood, New Rochelle, January, 1897.

RHYMES FROM DIFFERENT CLIMES

ON RECEIVING A PAIL OF MAPLE SUGAR FROM JUDGE ALLEN

John Allen, Oh, My Jo John,
When we were first acquaint
Your hair was just the same, John,
And mine about as faint.
But I was not so sweet, John,
Not half so sweet as now
For, I've the pail of sugar, John,
You sent, — and I'll allow
There never was such sugar, John,
Outside the dear old State,
And every grain I eat, John,
In thankfulness I'll take.
When summer comes you'll see, John,
And with me must agree
There never was so sweet a dame
As your grateful M. M. B.

New Rochelle, April 28th, 1885.

RHYMES FROM DIFFERENT CLIMES

THE JUDGE SENDS MARY A HANDKERCHIEF

In summer time when Mary came,
No Judge was walking in the lane.

The months passed by; at Christmas tide
No Judge was walking by her side.

One winter when the winds did blow
And patched the orchards were with snow,

A token came, — and Mary knew
The Judge had faithful been and true.

She wiped her eyes through falling tears
While thinking of the weary years,

And murmured — as she held it tight,
The gift the Judge had sent that night —

“Of all sad words of tongue or pen,—
If I'd had one then, it might have been!”

RHYMES FROM DIFFERENT CLIMES

A POVERTY LUNCHEON

Dear Anna came down from the garden gate,
On her face was a look of sorrow,
“We are having a Poverty Luncheon,” said she,
“To be served at our house tomorrow.”

“A Poverty Luncheon: what is that, pray,
Have you come over to beg, or to borrow?
Take what you will, but don’t ask me, my dear,
To lunch at your house tomorrow.

“And what will you have at this luncheon of
yours?

A rasher of ham, eggs, or bacon?
Or, codfish ball, and a cake of corn
With a salad made of an acorn?”

“Tomato bisque first will be served,
Of a very delicious flavor;
Then sweet-breads creamed, they are just a
dream,”
Said demurely this little neighbor.

“A salad of lettuce tender and crisp —
Cheese and crackers well toasted.”
All said with an air, I may not be fair,
But, really, as if she boasted.

RHYMES FROM DIFFERENT CLIMES

"For dessert Easter eggs in a nest full of cream;
Orange—" here my heart cried in sorrow,
"O Annie, dear Annie, do ask me
I pray, to your Poverty Luncheon tomorrow."

New Rochelle.

RHYMES FROM DIFFERENT CLIMES

POLLY MAKES A CALL

When Polly dropped in the other day
On Adaline just down the way
She looked the saint, but really the sinner
Was swooping to see what she had for dinner.
“ Oh, how is your sister,” said Adaline,
“ The saint that she is — you’ll stay, Poll, and
dine —
I hope the dear one is really better?”

“ Sometime ago,” said mournful Poll,
“ I received a letter from dying Moll,
It really with tears your eyes would fill
So close to death’s door, quite over the sill,
I did not answer it, Moll always said
She’d hate getting letters when she was dead,
Beside you see, there’s nothing to tell
Unless you know one’s alive and well.
Thank you, dear Adaline, I’m happy to stay
For I smell you are having boiled dinner today.”

New Rochelle, January, 1898.

RHYMES FROM DIFFERENT CLIMES

THE FORGOTTEN MESSAGE

"Dear Adaline," said she, the other day,
When Polly called awhile to stay:

"I've a message to send your sister Moll,
You won't forget it, will you, dear Poll?
I may never see her more I fear,
The sands are running low, my dear,
Not more than a bushel is left me now
You'll tell her, Oh! make me a solemn vow —"

"Surely I will," said poor weeping Poll,
"And what a comfort to Sister Moll;
This very hour I'll write her a letter,
But cheer up, dear, perhaps you'll be better."

"Tell her," and here she gasped for breath,
"I've loved her in life, I love her in death —
Try to be like *her*, your sister Moll,
Is my last request to you, dear Poll."

Polly went home and wrote her sad letter:
"Poor Adaline, I fear, will never be better,
She sent you a message, her last, dear Moll,
But I've forgotten it," wrote faithful Poll.

New Rochelle, N. Y., February 21, 1899.

RHYMES FROM DIFFERENT CLIMES

ADALINE'S VANITY RECEIVES A BLOW

Poor Adaline awoke one day
Filled with wonder and dismay.

The day before she met a corker
When visiting with Polly Walker.

Now Adaline, though not conceited,
Had many a time to Poll repeated

There wasn't a sewer in the land
With her own self could hold a hand —

She could gather and fell to beat the Dutch,
In this wide world there was none such

As she,— and for a scratcher
Just produce one if you could catch her;

On button-holes she took the prize,
So perfect they'd rejoice all eyes,

And Adaline was such a talker
She could convince poor Polly Walker.

Alas! — she saw a box that day
From Molly B.—— who lives away:

RHYMES FROM DIFFERENT CLIMES

Such sewing she had never seen,
Quite fine enough to suit a queen.

There was hemming, tucking and gathers,
Laces like cobwebs — stitches like feathers.

Never before — she thought with tears dash-
ing —
Had she ever seen such beautiful scratching.

Button-holes, too — before, her main pride,
Were nothing but holes with Molly's beside.

She moaned and she groaned, till Polly ran over
Just " tickled to death " and gave her a Dover.

RHYMES FROM DIFFERENT CLIMES

POLLY FURNISHES THE PARSONAGE

Adaline, though such a talker,
Was very just to Polly Walker:
“Put Poll,” she said, “on this committee
She’ll beat the best in any city.”

The springtime came, the conference met,
A minister to B—— was sent,
A house to be furnished: all things new,
And Polly appointed to rush it through.

Polly rushed and worked away,
Bought and sold from day to day
Till every thing was spick and span
Ready to greet the coming man,
Who, rain or shine, would on the
Morrow come, at nine.

Adaline says when the morning came
Poll rushed out in a pouring rain
With butter and bread for the morning feast
And — Adaline says, a doughnut each.

Poll welcomed them all, with a smile no doubt,
“Your breakfast is ready,” when Poll lit out —
“We thank Thee, our Father,” — but is this *all*
We have for breakfast?” said Parson Hall.

RHYMES FROM DIFFERENT CLIMES

THE COMING OF HILDEGARD

The winter came and brought a daughter
Unto the home of Polly Walker,
Which so delighted dear old Poll
That she wrote at once to her sister Moll:
"All of the baby; its hour of birth,
The sweetest, dearest thing on earth;
Its hair was curly, a golden hue,
Its eyes the heaven's deepest blue,
Its cry — if it cried — a sound so sweet
That grandma and Polly fell at its feet."

"Its mouth a rosebud," wrote grandma Poll,
(Which caused a snicker from sister Moll)
"Not only that," wrote this silly loon,
"But in it we found a silver spoon."

Now Adaline writes this little lady
"Is very like any other baby,
As to the spoon, why Grandma Walker
Put it there when she went to rock her."

November 17, 1898.

RHYMES FROM DIFFERENT CLIMES

A MEMORY

There was a little boy—who made a little drum and sent it to his sweetheart far away.— It was a beauty, too. The church was there in view, and on the other side, the library,— the village pride.

Now the sweetheart went to play with the boys across the way. “March on”—said she. “And step off quick.” “Ha, Ha,” said they, “You’ve no drumstick. . . . Beat your drum, and then we’ll go”—they cried in tones not low.

Sadly the sweetheart went away, with the boys no more to play. But keep the drum she ever will, from the little boy living in Granville.

Then . . . It happened in this way that the sweetheart wrote to say, “She was in a serious fix — because, her drum, it had no sticks, and they always made such fun of her lovely little Drum that she never more would play, with those boys across the way. . . .”

Then, the little boy in G——, who loved her very tenderly (and wished that she might happy be), made, and sent, the sticks to B——.

“Now,” said she, “there’ll be some fun — music I’ll make on my little drum, this very mo-

RHYMES FROM DIFFERENT CLIMES

ment the sticks I'll try, was ever a sweetheart
as happy as I? "

Then the boys across the way begged and pleaded
with her to play, — apples offered ripe and sweet
— candies more than she could eat, — but with
a flourish she bade them, " Go," — just plunged
those boys in deepest woe. Till they dreamed all
night, and they mourned all day, for the little
girl across the way. " But in all the wide, wide
world," said she, " there is only one little boy
for me."

Burlington, Vt., August, 1913.

RHYMES FROM DIFFERENT CLIMES

A MESSAGE FROM ERZERUM

In an Eastern Lan'
A garden stands walled around
From the eyes of Man.

There sparrows flit —
And a magpie sits —
With a tail of white,
And pipes at night.

A fountain stream
From far away
Sings in the garden
Night and day: —

Flowers of purple,
Lilly blooms white,
Roses and pansies
Are the garden's delight:

And there in the sunshine
And scented air,
Sits — Mary of old,
Drying her hair.

U. S. Consulate, Erzerum, Armenia, 1902.

RHYMES FROM DIFFERENT CLIMES

A LETTER

I have come from the mountains of our Father
Adam's State,
Where all the hills are lofty, magnificent and
great; and
This was written in the Garden where Eve the
apple ate
And rushed to find a fig-leaf when she found her
sad mistake —
I come with happy greetings and kisses for you
all.
From your friends who live in Eden, — and
went there since the fall.

We bless you, yes, and love you
— Wishing every joy untold
That comes with His richest blessing
And a furnace stuffed with coal.

Erzerum.

RHYMES FROM DIFFERENT CLIMES

WHEN MARY GOES A SLEIGHING

The troops come out to clear the way,
And all salute the passing sleigh,
The giddy ponies prance and neigh,
When Mary goes a sleighing.

The coachman stands up straight and trim,
Two guards behind to hold her in,
You ought to see the camels grin,
When Mary goes a sleighing.

And really, how the Turks do stare?
They never saw a sight so fair
And Ermin Bey forgets his prayer,
When Mary goes a sleighing.

And she looks lovely as she flies,
Her face is hidden from all eyes?
For it is under Turkish skies,
That Mary goes a sleighing.

And there she chuckles full of glee,
A blessed thing she can not see,
And it will ever puzzle me,
Why Mary goes a sleighing.

U. S. Consulate, Erzerum, Turkey, December, 1902.

RHYMES FROM DIFFERENT CLIMES

HOW MARY GOES A SKATING

She sits down in an easy chair,
A carpet for her feet is there
And soft and balmy is the air,
When Mary goes a skating.

Upon her head a Russian cap
A fur cape that belongs to Pat,
It would be cold if not for that,
When Mary goes a skating.

The Persian Consul on her right,
And there are others just in sight,
Because the day is warm and bright,
When Mary goes a skating.

And she is safe from falling in,
No matter if the ice is thin,
But why this idiotic grin?
When Mary goes a skating.

U. S. Consulate, Erzerum, Armenia, December, 1903.

RHYMES FROM DIFFERENT CLIMES

THREE RIVERS, CANADA, September, 1904.

My Dear Louie D——,

From the garden of Eden to Rivers Three.
(Where Eve ate the apple, Alas poor E—: for
e'er since it has been decreed there, all women a
tight fitting veil must wear,—else *they* some
poor helpless man may ensnare.)

No Cherubim to drive *us* away, but our orders
came from U. S. A. The General gave us a din-
ner and ball, the night before leaving, to one and
to all. . . . No Turkish ladies did any one
see, all on account of that sad decree. . . . We
left in mid-winter, the mountains were steep —
covered with snow, and that, very deep. An es-
cort of soldiers rode at our side — were needed
they said for protection and guide. Four days
went we by day and by night, till Kars
was reached and trains were in sight. . . .
From Kars, through Russia, swiftly went we,
the one only way to reach the Black Sea. We
stopped all along to see and to rest — the Holy
Land to us was the best — . . . The pyramids
we must surely see. Climb them? No, No, a
camel was too much for me. . . . Genoa, Nice,
and Paris gay, were taken in on our homeward
way. . . . On we must go to Amsterdam —
as sailing we were on the Rotterdam. A lovely
passage across the sea, and home, at last, in the
Land of the Free.

I have much to tell, so come and see

Yours, lovingly,

Mary M. B.

U. S. Consulate, September, 1904.

RHYMES FROM DIFFERENT CLIMES

FROM DAWSON TO GOLD RUN DID MARY GO A VISITING

In Dawson, Y. T., in winter weather,
"John" and I left the town together,
Over the mountains and over the hills,
For a far-off visit to Mistress Wills.

Four white horses, and sleigh quite ornate,
Came prancing up to the Consulate,
Wrapped in fur robes, with bricks heated hot,
We started off on the liveliest trot.

Ten below zero, as we drove through the town,
Blue was the sky, and the wind had gone down.
Trees bending with snow, we passed in the
gloom,
Looked like a forest of white ostrich plumes.

Papers and parcels, we had in the sleigh,
Voices, merry and happy, greeted our way,
As over the hills we swiftly did glide,
John on the box, a hot brick at my side.

A jolly old fellow we met on the way,
Said, "Where are your passengers, John, today?"
John turning around, a sly glance at me,
"It's quality, not quantity, today," said he.

RHYMES FROM DIFFERENT CLIMES

Changed at Gold Bottom, white horses for black,
Off started we on a well-beaten track,
Passed o'er the Summit, far off on the plain,
Dropped low the sun, and the sky all aflame.

Was "arrested" at Granville, left John and the
sleigh,—

The Policeman was handsome, I did not say nay,
Fleet were the horses, in ten minutes more,
We were standing before the Doctor's door.

The cabin was warm and glowing with light,
The hostess was waiting, radiant as night,
With welcomes and greetings, and there on the
spot,

A dinner delicious, and that piping hot.

A birthday on Tuesday, every one knew,
Was that of our hostess, just twenty-two.
A dinner she gave her friends on Gold Run,
Those that were bidden, most gladly did come.

The table was covered with silk and with lace,
Ribbons were festooned all over the place,
Happy each heart, and forgetting all ills,
We sat round the table of Doctor Wills.

Fish, soup, an entre (I know not of what),
A fine roasted turkey, and that steaming hot;
The last of the feast, still the talk of the town,
Was frozen ice cream, coming in hot and brown.

RHYMES FROM DIFFERENT CLIMES

We drank to her health, the " boys " to her eyes,
Which were softer and bluer than summer skies,—
This dame in her robes of satin and lace,
With a light, merry heart, and joy in her face.

She had travelled in lands far over the sea,
Spent many a season in giddy Paree,
Had roamed the world over, and, bless her dear
soul,
Here we were happy, not far from the " Pole."

A fortnight soon sped, every moment complete,
Time never passed with such swift flying feet,
Then fifty-five below the mercury fell,
If lower 'twould tumble, could any one tell?

But I must away, the summons had come,
In the morning at seven, was leaving Gold Run.
So John on the " box " drove up to the door,
Tucked me up, tucked me in as never before.

The moon was shining, full clear and bright,
The snow was a glittering field of light,
On and on we went, till the moon grew pale,
Till the sun came up, flooding hilltop and dale.

On over the hills to the mountains high,
There in the distance against the blue sky
Were the " Rockies," surely not half a day,
John said they were seventy-five miles away.

RHYMES FROM DIFFERENT CLIMES

Between them and us was wealth untold,
The hills, creeks of Yukon with millions of gold,
And over it all, in sparkle and glow,
This mantle of white, this glittering snow.

Reached Gold Bottom, changed horses, and
dined at one,
At two we were off on the homeward run,
Thus speeding swiftly on, it was half past four
When Dawson was reached, and we stood at our
door.

Fifty-five below zero, so warm was the sleigh,
Not a shiver had I on the homeward way.
Whenever you want fifty-five miles of fun,
Take John and his sleigh, and go to Gold Run.

U. S. Consulate, Dawson, Y. T., Canada, January, 1905.

RHYMES FROM DIFFERENT CLIMES

WHEN MARY WENT A MUSHING

In Gold Run when the sun was low
And all the heavens were a-glow,
O'er the deep and trodden snow did
Mary go a mushing.
Rob and Roy they drew the sled —
Rob waving tail high over his head,
Not a bark or a word was said
When Mary went a mushing.
And Oh! It was the greatest fun
To see how fast those dogs could run — no
One could beat them in Gold Run,
When Mary went a mushing.
Then turning round
They homeward flew —
Her hostess came and took a view —
Kodaked they were, and never knew —
When Mary went a mushing.

Then dashed they into a bank of snow —
Over their heads did Mary go!
And there they left her in her woe,
When Mary went a mushing.

U. S. Consulate, Dawson, Canada, January, 1905.

RHYMES FROM DIFFERENT CLIMES

MARY AT THE TOMB OF JONAH

Jonah was a prophet of old
Refusing to do as the Lord him told!
"Go to Nineveh and cry to them there" —
He took sail for Tarshish, and paid the fare.

There was a mighty tempest in the sea.
The ship was like to broken be.
To their gods did the mariners call and weep,
But Jonah lay, and was fast asleep.

"Who is the Jonah on this ship?"
The Captain cried,—and J — was *it*.
They cast him into the raging sea —
Down went the waves, and down went he.

A whale had pity on his plight,
And took him in—'twas dark as night.
"I've paid the fare," said J —, and went to
sleep
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

"Ah! give us a light," cried J — to the whale,
"You've plenty of oil," — but his cheek grew
pale,
"Pardon, dear Jonah, indeed you must —
I've sold my oil to the Standard Oil Trust."

RHYMES FROM DIFFERENT CLIMES

He spouted along three nights and no more,
Then popped him out on the Syrian shore.
"Who," said J——, standing there by the sea,
"Will ever believe this strange story of me?"

To Nineveh, Jonah arose and went,
In sackcloth and ashes it did repent,
The city was spared: when his work was o'er
They buried him where he was popped ashore.

U. S. Consulate General, Beirut, Syria, July, 1905.

RHYMES FROM DIFFERENT CLIMES

THE GIFT OF A LOAF

How glad I am,
How glad I be,
Him didn't take
The bread with he.
Oh! luckless man
Oh! luckless writ
To go home
And not take it.
Her didn't put it
Same as letter
C'os her knows he
And her better.
Sure him no sense
This Doc from Si
And so her sent
The bread to I,
And us did eat it
For the supper,
Just hottest tea
An' bread and butter—
Such Graham bread:
Co's it was white,
Jus' brown outside
And sweet an' light —
And us loves she,
And she loves I,

RHYMES FROM DIFFERENT CLIMES

But breadless is
The Doc from Si.

All blessings on Dear Mrs. G——
For sending bread to M. M. B.

U. S. Consulate General, Beirut, December 16, 1905.

RHYMES FROM DIFFERENT CLIMES

MARY AT THE TOMB OF DORCAS

"*I've* been sewing Dorcas, sewing
From morning until night
When angry clouds o'er cast the sky,
And when the day was bright:
My machine was ever running
For the poor. O sainted D——,
Just along the sewing line
You've a rival, dear, in me!
It was never told in story,
Was never told in song,
None will weep, their garments show,
When I am dead and gone.
But if Peter, knowing my good deeds,—
No preference to show
Between the Dorcas of today
And her of long ago — should
Come flying down to raise *me*,
I should gently, firmly, say:
I had rather die, dear Peter,
Than sew another day."

Then I heard a murmured sigh from out the
clear blue ether:

"That's just the way that I felt, but don't tell
dear old Peter."

Joppa, 1905.

RHYMES FROM DIFFERENT CLIMES

ADMIRAL SIGBEE COMES TO BEIRUT

(*"Billee Barlow," J. S.'s name for M. M. B.*)

Three ships came sailing up the sea,
Three ships as white as white can be,
And every one from top to toe
Cried: — "How are you, Billee Barlow?"

Then Billee ran the flag up high,
So high it almost reached the sky.
"I'm just as well as well can be,"
Said Billee to Admiral Sigbee.

They stopped the ships and anchored fast,
Their flags flew up and down the mast,
The cannon boomed from ship to port,
And little Leo he held the fort.

Only five days they anchored here;
A ball was given to far and near,
And the Admiral on heel and toe
Opened the ball with Billee Barlow.

And Oh! the food they had to eat,
Sandwiches, salads and jellied meat —
Cream cakes and ices — candied fruit;
On dit, — the best ever had in Beirut.

RHYMES FROM DIFFERENT CLIMES

Then off they steamed into the west
Unto the land that they love best;
All were sad as they watched them go,—
But the Admiral smiled on Billee Barlow.

U. S. Consulate General, Beirut, Syria, September, 1906.

RHYMES FROM DIFFERENT CLIMES

A VALENTINE

Honorable John, my Joe John,
When we were first acquaint,
We lived upon The Hill, John,
And there was no complaint —
But everything is changed, John,
And you are far from me —
While I am living here, John,
Among heathen Chinees.
But now that I am tired, John,
And wish no more to roam
In foreign scenes and lands, John,
Just want a quiet home —
And if I chance to find one, John,
By mountain or by sea,
Will you leave the dusty city, John,
And come and dwell with me?
'Tis true that I am blind, John,
But little I can see,
And I am nearly deaf, John,
And sad it is for me —
But I won't see your faults, John,
Whatever they may be;
Nor shall I hear you swear, John,
If you softly do, at me.
So if I find a home, John,
By mountain or by sea,
With a cow, a cat and a dog, John,
Will you come and dwell with me?

U. S. Consulate General, Canton, February 14, 1910.

RHYMES FROM DIFFERENT CLIMES

HER SEDAN CHAIR

When Mary takes her walks abroad
It's in her Sedan chair.
Four coolies lift it up on poles
With Mary sitting there —

They all are clad in linen white
All trimmed with red and blue,
Their bare feet patter o'er the street
Regardless of a shoe.

A straw shaped bowl is on each head —
The weather being fine —
And covered with a tassel red,
Their ques hang down behind.

When Mary makes a call in state
And steps out of her chair
Off goes each jacket, there they are —
Down to their waists quite bare.

Horse, coachman, footman, three in one —
A combination rare,
But this has Mary when she goes
Out in her Sedan chair.

Consulate General, Canton, China, June, 1906.

RHYMES FROM DIFFERENT CLIMES

"OWED" TO THIS APPENDIX

O Leo dear, was very ill,
No balm was there, in herb or pill,
He nevermore could eat his fill,
Because of this Appendix.

Where the Euphrates rolls, in Bible Land,
So ill, was he, he could not stand,
The Doctor, dear, she held his hand,
Because of this Appendix.

Three times, on Shameen, doctors came,
And vainly tried to ease his pain.
To hear him swear! — but all in vain,
Because of this Appendix.

One morning, when the skies were blue,
To Hongkong, like a bird he flew,
And left his mother weeping, too,
Because of this Appendix.

In the G. C. H. he went to bed,
"I'm weary of this pain," he said,
"And, really, am more than half dead.
Because of this Appendix."

RHYMES FROM DIFFERENT CLIMES

He hopped up on the marble slab
In double-quick, he was so glad,
For never another pain he'd have,
Because of this Appendix.

They held a funnel o'er his head,
"All ready now," was all they said,
The next he knew, he was in his bed,
And minus this Appendix.

A telegram flew o'er the line,
"All over, mother, feeling fine,"
The news went round, in just no time,
The loss of this Appendix.

A week passed by, the wonder grew,
That complications were so few,
A case like this, they never knew,
With such a bad Appendix.

L'ENVOI

This Appendix now is very sad,
In bottle mourns, that it was bad,
And wishes that it never had
Been such a d—— Appendix.

U. S. Consulate General, Canton, China, May 19, 1907.

RHYMES FROM DIFFERENT CLIMES

MY TRUE LOVE

There are birds on the wing
And songs in the air —
There are flowers all around,
Perfume everywhere —
Was it summer, or winter?
Ah! How should I know
When my true love was with me—a long time ago—

If we wandered through meadows
Pink with the clover,
Or over bleak hills
I and my lover—
If the sky was of sunshine
Or clouds, should I know—
When my true love was with me
A long time ago — a long time ago —

There are birds on the wing,
No songs in the air—
There are flowers all around,
No perfume anywhere —
Is it summer or winter?
Ah! too well I know
Since my true love has left me
A long time ago — along time ago —

Duneden, New Zealand, September, 1908.

RHYMES FROM DIFFERENT CLIMES

THE LOST DAY

Sunday came with songs and praises
As we steamed across the sea.

Monday brought us Honolulu —
Lovely spot it was to me.

Tuesday was a day of gladness,
Blue the sea and soft the air.

Wednesday came with smiles and ripples —
All because the sky was fair.

Thursday we saw fishes flying,
Whales were sporting as we went,

Friday was a day as perfect,
But at night, said Captain Bent:

“Saturday will give us trouble,
Serious trouble it will be,
And as all are gay and happy
I’ll just drop it in the sea.”

“Lost, lost,” cried a maiden weeping —
“Six days in this week there’ll be.”

“Not so,” said the Captain, smiling,
Returning, *I* pick it up you see.

S. S. Tenyo Maru, Pacific Ocean, June 12, 1910.

RHYMES FROM DIFFERENT CLIMES

IN INFORMATION WANTED FROM VERMONT

“The mother of Moses I know her well,
The father of Moses I cannot tell.”

The father of Moses you cannot tell?
That's not so strange, but common rather
Not knowing the name of every father,
So glide along in your little sleigh
With never a worry along the way.
And when you meet in the land of the blest
His mother will tell you if she thinks best.

U. S. Consulate, Kingston, Jamaica, January, 1913.

RHYMES FROM DIFFERENT CLIMES

ON WHAT DID MARY RIDE

When Mary left her native state
On what did Mary ride?
She rode upon an ox-cart
With pleasure and with pride.

When Mary went to Dawson
On what did Mary ride?
A sled drawn by six dogs went she,
All barked in joy and pride.

When Mary went around the world,
On what did Mary ride?
She rode upon a steamship
With all the world beside.

When Mary went to Erzerum
On what did Mary ride?
A Russian sledge with horses twain
And soldiers marched beside.

When Mary was in Egypt
On what did she then ride?
She rode upon a camel
And of fright she nearly died.



RHYMES FROM DIFFERENT CLIMES

When Mary was in Ceylon
On what did Mary ride?
She rode upon a rickshaw—
A Singalese her guide.

When Mary was in India
On what did Mary ride?
She rode upon an elephant,
All dignity and pride.

When Mary was in China
On what did Mary ride?
Her sedan chair when skies were fair—
And coolies were her guide.

When Mary was in Ireland
On what did Mary ride?
She rode upon a jaunting car
With Leo at her side.

When Mary was in Panama
On what did Mary ride?
On a truck car—straight through the canal—
No water was there inside.

When Mary was in Dresden
How then did Mary ride?
She sailed the skies, then fluttered
Down, thankful to come alive.

RHYMES FROM DIFFERENT CLIMES

When Mary went to Algiers,
On what did Mary ride?
She rode upon a donkey
And did not ride astride.

In visiting our cities,
On what does Mary ride?
She rides upon a trolley car
Thankful to get inside.
* * *

Of all the ways that Mary went,
She loved the ox-team best;
The world was not then passion tossed
But peaceful and at rest.
* * *

In the beautiful world where Mary went
In her strange, her charming rides,
The angels in charge concerning her
Were ever by her side.

RHYMES FROM DIFFERENT CLIMES

TO MY SON LEO

When morning breaks upon my night—
I do not heed its dawning light,
For all along the lengthening day
I may not find thee on my way —
But when the night o'er spreads the land
I hear thy voice, I clasp thy hand
And marvel, — for it is the night
That only brings to me the light.

U. S. Consulate General, Dresden, Germany, January, 1917.

RHYMES FROM DIFFERENT CLIMES

THE COMING HOME OF THE U. S. CONSULS FROM GERMANY, MARCH 20, 1917

Oh! the Huns were clever—to deny it were vain,—
In sending us home by the way of Spain
Knowing we'd suffer, in sunshine or rain,
On the Steamer Cadiz — the Steamer Cadiz.

“We are bound for Havana,” glad voices cried;
“Not if I know it,” the captain replied;
“You are bound for Corona — miles beside
On the Steamer Cadiz—the Steamer Cadiz.”

Oh! the whanging, the banging, the noise we
were in
Forty devils let loose never made such a din,
(Angels would swear were it not a sin)
On the Steamer Cadiz — the Steamer Cadiz.

“Some butter, please,” said a passenger mild;
“Butter is extra,” the steward replied,
“And sugar the same — they are not supplied”
By the Steamer Cadiz — the Steamer Cadiz.

“Some milk for the coffee,” mildly said she;
“No milk for the coffee — no milk for the tea,”

RHYMES FROM DIFFERENT CLIMES

Answered the steward, "before it is three,"
On the Steamer Cadiz — the Steamer Cadiz.

We had pigs from Corona, ten bullocks, and
more,
In steerage a thousand came from its shore,
And beasties not even mentioned by Noah
We had on the Steamer Cadiz — the Steamer
Cadiz.

When the Kaiser's defeated — most surely he'll
be —
No greater punishment here wish we
Just send him adrift on a boundless sea
On the Steamer Cadiz — the Steamer Cadiz.

But we were happy: to deny it were vain,
As unward we came by way of Spain.
A party like ours will ne'er cross again
On the Steamer Cadiz — the Steamer Cadiz.

S. S. Cadiz, April, 1917.

RHYMES FROM DIFFERENT CLIMES

TO JENNIE JUNE

There's a nest in the hedge—
A bit of a tune—
But songs in the branches
For thee, Oh! my June!

New mown hay in the meadows—
Delicious perfume—
All this sweetness of summer
For thee, Oh! my June!

The brooks, too, are babbling
A sort of a rune—
Just singing their love song
To thee, Oh! my June!

There are hearts softly singing—
No words to the tune—
'Tis a song of affection
To thee Jennie June!

RHYMES FROM DIFFERENT CLIMES

REINCARNATION

(TO MRS. H. W. K.)

She met me with her eyes of blue.
"You are the sweetest thing I ever knew,"
Said she, — and really meant it, too.
 The darling!

She didn't even know my name,
Who I was, from whence I came —
And then to love me just the same.
 The darling!

It came to me, then, clear as the sun,
The love of my youth again had come
And taken the guise of this beautiful one, —
 The darling!

And whither now on land or on sea,
She'll ever be a joy to me, —
 The darling.

N. Y., July 9, 1918.

RHYMES FROM DIFFERENT CLIMES

TO LEO

Oh! Leo, my son Leo!
The happy day has come —
For on this blessed morning
Your mother is eighty-one.

Oh, leave all business, Leo!
And with me take a run,
Glad am I and happy
For I am only eighty-one.

The cannons are a-booming,
They march to fife and drum,
But we must be happy, Leo,
The day I'm eighty-one.

I could not, my Leo,
Be sad — though tears may come —
Remembering all the happy years
That brought me eighty-one.

I thank thee, O my Father!
For the gift of this dear son
Who has crowned my life with blessings,
But I am only eighty-one.

Thy blessings, my Father,
On all who are so young—
May they know the joy of living
When only eighty-one!

New York, March 20, 1918.

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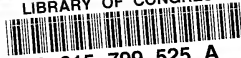


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